

Going...

Tonya Oliver

If you missed the dance concert on July 15 and 16, then you really missed out on an awesome show. It was a very interesting and powerful concert that revealed the great talent and discipline of the nineteen dancers and their instructors, Jennifer Tarrazi-Scully and Megan Kane. The dancers were very pleased with the final product of their four long weeks of hard work and demanding rehearsals. "It came together really nicely," commented dancer, Sarah Puttermann, "and I was really excited by the response we got from the audience."

The theme of the show was travel. Elizabeth Carlton portrayed a traveler who, in visiting several diverse cultures and locations, witnessed and participated in many cultural dances such as: Latin, Gypsy, American, Japanese, French and Greek, Australian, Klesmer, Eastern European,

Middle Eastern, Oz, and African. The dance students divided up into five small groups, and each group choreographed their own dance. "Getting to do our own choreography was fresh,



new, and exciting. I thoroughly enjoyed it," Lori Moll remarked with a smile.

Chris Merriman's Feminist Literature and Criticism Class provided the text that served as an introduction to each dance. The class worked exten-

sively, searching for appropriate literature for each piece and rehearsing many times with the dancers to make it all flow smoothly. Many of the English students commented that even though they had seen the dances many times before in rehearsal, they were still very intrigued and paid close attention to each dance on the nights of the shows. In fact, many GSE students that came on Thursday night also returned Friday to watch it once more. It was definitely not a dull experience.

If you ask Anne Lazovik what her opinion of the concert was, she'll tell you, "It was just a fun concert to be in... it was a lot of fun to perform. The energy was high." We may be seeing more of these talented individuals in the future. I wish them all the best of luck.

Prince of Camelot

A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Jr.

Laura Nicholson

and wishing him happiness.

John F. Kennedy, Jr.'s influence was felt by all whom knew him personally or merely knew of him. With the news of the disappearance of his single engine plane, Piper Saratoga, the world held its breath and prayed. They thought, "the man who was heralded the leader of the Kennedy family, the little boy known as "John-John," the figure that allowed Americans to remember and wonder, JFK's son, the possible future politician, he cannot die." If there was a shred of hope, it vanished when the search and rescue turned into a search and recovery. On Wednesday, July 22, 1999, the body of John F. Kennedy, Jr. was discovered. Later that day, Carolyn and Lauren were also found. The Kennedy Curse had claimed another victim, this time, the Prince himself.

The Kennedy's and Bessette's gathered on Cape Cod on Thursday, July 22 for the burial at sea of John F. Kennedy, Jr., his wife Carolyn, and her sister Lauren Bessette. The ashes of all three were scattered into the sea from aboard the USS Briscoe, and closure was finally brought to the families. However, the world also watches from a distance as the Navy destroyer floats calmly in the sea. After so much pain and heartache, the presence of the destroyer in the now

calm water is almost ironic. American dreams were seemingly destroyed with John F. Kennedy's assassination, yet the Kennedy's held together and the world learned from them. Now, with his son's death, shattered illusions are once again prominent, yet the world will go on. We remember the date and where we were when we heard the news, as this generation learns from the past, and the previous delves into their experience. However, the grief that America feels will subside over time, as John F. Kennedy, Jr. is remembered differently by all. However, in the collective memory of society, John F. Kennedy, Jr. will always reign as the Prince of Camelot.

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Advice With Abby & Aaron

Dear Aaron and Abby,

I had thirteen dollars in my pants pocket that I had put there yesterday. Today, when I remembered it was there and went to get it I found my pants on the floor and only one-dollar was left in the pocket. No one could have been in my room except my roommate and I know my pants weren't on the floor before. How should I go about asking if he did it without offending him?

Money-less in Mecklenberg

Well, Money-less, there is no easy way of accusing your roommate of stealing. First, I would check all over your room to be sure that you didn't just misplace it. If you accuse him and then find the money later, you'll look like an ass. Then, after searching if you still haven't found it, confront your roommate and ask him what's going on. If he denies the accusation (and you are sure he's guilty) commence flogging him until he loses consciousness or admits to the crime (whichever comes first). If he does not admit and, as a result is now unconscious, place him in incriminating positions, take Polaroid's, and when he comes to threaten to distribute them around campus. Offer to exchange the photos for payment of the original missing thirteen dollars plus payment for stress inflicted and interest amounting to the grand total of... (insert Dr. Evil impersonation here)... \$100 billion dollars! (hmmah ha ha ha)

Dear Aaron and Abby,

I get really frustrated when the library closes. I have a lot of research to do and the only nights it stays open are Monday and Wednesday. Can you help me?

Kicked out in Concord

Well, for starters you could try get-

ting a life! (Abby: Aaron, that's mean! Aaron: Abby, could you do me a favor? Abby: Sure! Aaron: SHUT UP!) Anyway, if you really want to stay in the library longer you could hide until the library closes in the hospitality section; St. Andrews employees never look there, except for the cafeteria workers, the janitors, and that nice librarian who let me check out a display book the other day (WE LOVE THEM!) Other than that you should have no problem avoiding confrontations.

But come to think of it, don't attempt to make it across the causeway at night on foot. There are too many counselors. So, hold your breath, sweetie, it's a long swim!

Aaron and Abby would like to take some time out, since this is one of our last issues and... because we can, to talk about some good and bad aspects of GSE.

Good Thing: Friends

Bad Thing: People who think they're your friend but are really annoying (just kidding!)

Good Thing: The campus landscaping

Bad Thing: The campus architecture

Good Thing: The cafeteria ladies (especially Linda)!

Bad Thing: The chronic diarrhea I get from the food they serve

Okay, enough of that. Now back to the article...

Dear A and A,

I'm really sick of writing this stupid article for the newspaper. I want to stop but I feel like I have an obligation to make this issue longer. What should I do?

Tired in DeTamble

Dear Tired,

We give you permission to stop.

The Hand That Feeds Us

Anthony Palermo

parmesan, hot dogs, and pizza coupled with ice cream and a salad bar? Did

I mention six or seven ladies as sweet as your grandmother serving up three meals a day? Miss Linda, Miss Joy, Miss Mary, and the others spend their days insuring that Governor's School students are well fed and well nourished, and brightening our days with a sweet

Affirmative Action

Clem Brown

The Social Science Department at GSE conducted a public opinion poll. The purpose of this poll is to determine the opinions of a segment of Governor's School students on controversial issues which confront society. The survey dealt with the issue of Affirmative Action. Affirmative Action is the setting aside of certain positions for minorities because of the past discrimination they have been subjected to. Below are a list of questions which were asked and the responses which were given.

1. Do you agree with Affirmative Action?
29% Responded Yes
68% Responded No
2. Is Affirmative Action reverse discrimination?
71% Responded Yes
23% Responded No
3. Is Affirmative Action necessary?
48% Responded Yes
52% Responded No
4. Do you agree with the Bakke decision of 1978?
75% Responded Yes
18% Responded No
5. Would you fight legally to reclaim a position lost by Affirmative Action?
66% Responded Yes
28% Responded No

*Percentages were based on responses given. In some instances certain questions received no response.

The following blank space is dedicated to John Cage, composer of "4:33."



Who would think that it could get any better than chicken nuggets, veal

"Here you go, baby. Now you have a nice day!"

Not only do the SAPC cafeteria ladies relate to the students, but also the students relate to the ladies. GSE student David Dail shared: "I love mixing with the ladies. It makes me feel good to thank them and make them a friend." All the kids who eat in the cafeteria seem to enjoy fraternizing with the ladies and sharing a simple "hello."

I had the privilege of sharing a
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What Do I believe in?

The following is an essay from my Area II class conducted by Robert Belton, in which I explain my system of beliefs.

My system of beliefs is a study in compromise, a delicate balance between two seemingly contradictory ideals, Christianity and Objectivism. The former is the religion that was more or less forced on me since my childhood, but on that through exploration in the world and personal interpretation of the Bible, I have come to accept and cherish. The latter, though discovered only recently through the literature of Ayn Rand, is another way of thinking in which I believe, specifically in the belief of the self.

The first and most important tenet of Christianity that I hold is a belief in God, a higher being who watches over humanity from a distance. Like the Deists of the Enlightenment, I believe that God is an "almighty clock-maker," having mad the world and now content to sit back while humans "run the show." Some people wish that God would take a more active, tangible participation in the earthly world to prove his existence, but I contest that God's physical absence, allowing humans to take full responsibility for their actions, is one of His most precious gifts. I do find comfort, however, in knowing that Jesus, the Son of God, was a real person who lived among real people. To me, Jesus is proof of God's existence.

My version of Christianity is quite different form that of my church-going relatives and friends. First of all, I don't believe the Bible is scientifically or historically accurate in many ways. I am an adamant defender of evolution, so to me, the story of Adam and Eve borders on mythology. Other Biblical oddities such as arbitrary rules about handling pigskin, entering the temple during menstruation as a woman, and especially the harsh

Robert Bassinger

condemnation of homosexuality make me question the validity of the text. Sometimes, I laugh at the ridiculous minutiae in the Bible, thinking, "What old man wrote this drivel!?" I would be even more frustrated were it not for the teachings of Jesus included in the New Testament. He did not waste his time preaching against trivialities, but sought to address the bigger picture –personal salvation, charitable deeds, universal brotherhood.

I also differ from most other Christians in that I don't believe that organized religion is conducive to faith. I attend a traditional Lutheran church, steeped in German heritage and founded in 1945, one of the oldest in North Carolina. I enjoy participating with fellow Christians on church projects –highway cleanups, instrumental ensemble, Christmas caroling –and I appreciate the social activities that the church offers. However, I catch myself during the worship service, absent-mindedly chanting verses and mumbling hymns and I think, again, "How ridiculous." The worship service that we use may as well be a Buddhist or Muslim text; maybe then, we would contemplate it more instead of performing it as a habit. The only time I am allowed true contemplation about God is when I am alone, and so, I may or may not join a church in my adulthood. I wouldn't feel like less of a Christian if I didn't.

That leaves me with a reduced, revised Bible, a reluctance to worship with other people, and an intensely personal relationship with God, but that is what I have established myself. I am proud that I didn't accept my parents' Christianity blindly and embarked on my own path to God. But I have also found a system of beliefs that appears to be opposite of the teaching s of Christianity –Objectivism, the philosophy of Ayn Rand. The core of Objectivism is a belief that the individual, or the self, is superior to the collective, or society. Man is an end in his-self, not a means to the ends of others. I believe I must live for my own sake –my own income, my own property, my own happiness –rather than devoting my life to others. Most people would regard the term 'selfish' as having a negative connotation, but I con-

sider it to be a high compliment. It means I am focused on my own life, my own abilities, and my own purpose for existence, not searching futilely for meaning in other people's lives. If you think about it, if everybody is seeking to help or serve others and doing so in the name of morality, what few headstrong individuals will remain who are content with their own lives?

Of course, my very attachment to Christianity makes me an "impure" Objectivist because the "pure" followers reject a belief in any forces beyond their control such as God, fate, or upbringing. Also, Christianity in many ways emphasizes the minimal attention that should be paid to the individual, focusing on the service of others as a more moral purpose. This is evident by the veneration of "saints" such as Mother Teresa, who assisted the poor and needy her whole life, and the reluctance to recognize iconoclastic geniuses like Galileo, Copernicus, and Darwin. Often, the church praises qualities themselves that defeat the self –meekness, mildness, charity. My solution, when asked to perform talks to help others in my congregation, it to follow the rule, "Give a man a fish, and he will eat for a day. Teach a man to fish, and he will eat for a lifetime." If the person I am helping is not learning to be self-sufficient in some way, I feel like my altruism is completely useless.

That, in condensed form –believe it or not- is what I believe in. Two separate entities –God and myself –take up the majority of my spiritual life. It may sound heartless, but I don't share a particularly strong bond with other Christians, and I don't feel like we're united on a path to righteousness. I believe God is a tolerant, accepting entity who doesn't look down on any of the other religions of the world –Judaism Islam, Buddhism, etc. –that come to know Him, but in a different form than Christianity. And, I believe that when I die, I will go to heaven surrounded not only by fellow Christians, but also by all people who showed goodness in their lives. I look forward to that day but in the meantime, I have a purpose to fulfill on Earth.

A Moment in Time GSE's Spades Tournament

Collin Lee

Amidst the grueling tests and essays accompanying nine hours of classes, the taxing hours of homework and work on the twelve-page term paper, many GSE students somehow find the time to brush up on their card-playing skills during the initial weeks of GSE. Well, perhaps there was not so much stressful work to do, BUT...there WAS a distinct aura of...well, card-playing in the lobbies of the dorms here at St. Andrews...

And this aura has never been stronger than when Concord Hall hosted the campus-wide SPADES TOURNAMENT on June 30. Students were playing Spades all over campus and at all times: between the posting of announcements for the tournament the first week and the fateful day, during free periods, during lunch, during the evenings. At 6pm on the day of the tournament, approximately thirty teams of two registered: some team skillful, some with members who had only learned upon

arriving at GSE, some there "just for fun," and one in particular that had a member unknowing of the way of Spades. This team comprised of Marsha Anderson, a seasoned Spades veteran from Fayetteville, and Betsy Fisher, a true novice from New Bern. As other teams prepared with confidence and conviction, Marsha gave Betsy a ten-minute crash-course in the game's rules. And with quick learning, skill, and a little bit of beginner's luck, Betsy and Marsha did quite well. In fact, they eventually won the whole tournament.

The pair did not have an easy journey to the final round, though. Their first round lasted nearly an hour as it was a neck-and-neck bout all throughout. Their opponents' sandbagging was their saving grace. They only won in the second round when an observer noticed that they had to renege. Since their opponents did not catch this error, they decided not to take away three tricks

from Betsy and Marsha as the rules stipulate. Ironically, the winners were defeated in the third round, but seeing as only three teams advanced to the semifinals, an extra team was needed, and thus the pair was drawn from a hat to go to the semifinals. Betsy and Marsha secured their berth in the finals with the forfeiture of their opponents due to unforeseen circumstances. And, finally, one week later on July 7, 1999, in a match against Patrick Berry and Jeremy Phillips, Betsy Fisher and Marsha Anderson claimed their title...and one free pizza per champion.

So, in the midst of rising up against all odds to win, and exceeding their expectations just to "have fun and try to get past round one," the winning pair reported a sense of pride and a sense of being ecstatic over their accomplishment. But, as Betsy said, the best part of the championship, of course, was "the free pizza!"

Twenty-five Fun Things to do at K-Mart

Edited by Anthony Palermo from an original list by Maria Smith

1. Leave cryptic messages on the typewriters.
2. Re-dress the mannequins as you see fit.
3. Walk up to an employee and tell him in an official tone, "I think we've got a Code 3 in Housewares," and see what happens.
4. Tune all the radios to a polka station; then turn them all off and turn the volumes to "10".
5. Walk up to complete strangers and say, "Hi! I haven't seen you in so long!..." etc. See if they play along to avoid embarrassment.
6. While walking through the clothing department, ask yourself loud enough for all to hear, "Who BUYS this crap, anyway?"
7. Repeat Number 14 in the jewelry department.
8. As the cashier runs your purchases over the scanner, look mesmerized and say, "Wow. Magic!"
9. Put M&M's on layaway.
10. Move "Caution: Wet Floor" signs to carpeted areas.
11. Set up a tent in the camping department; tell others you'll only invite them in if they bring pillows from Bed and Bath.
12. Ask other customers if they have any Grey Poupon.
13. Drape a blanket around your shoulders and run around saying, "...I'm Batman. Come, Robin—to the Batcave!"
14. Randomly throw things over into neighboring aisles.
15. When someone asks if you need help, begin to cry and ask, "Why
16. When two or three people are walking ahead of you, run between them, yelling, "Red Rover!"
17. Make up nonsense products and ask newly hired employees if there are any in stock, i.e., "Do you have any Shnerples here?"
18. Take up an entire aisle in Toys by setting up a full scale battlefield with G.I. Joes vs. the X-Men.
19. Take bets on the battle described above.
20. While handling guns in the hunting department, suddenly ask the clerk if he knows where the anti-depressants are. Act as spastic as possible.
21. Dart around suspiciously while humming the theme from "Mission: Impossible."
22. Two words: "Marco Polo."
23. In the auto department, practice your "Madonna" look with various funnels.
24. When an announcement comes over the loudspeaker, assume the fetal position and scream, "No, no! It's those voices again!"
25. Drag a lounge chair on display over to the magazines and relax. If the store has a food court, buy a soft drink; explain that you don't get out much, and ask if they can put a little umbrella in it.

BONUS Attempt all of the above during the same visit.



Trust Me on the Alcohol

Edited by Adam Shupe

In lieu of the fact that I'm a) too tired, b) too busy, and c) too lazy to write my own article, I decided to present the population of Governor's School East with probably one of the funniest parodies I've ever read. The opinions expressed therein do not "necessarily" represent the opinions of this reporter. Enjoy.

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, alcohol would be it. The long-term benefits of alcohol have been consistently misunderstood by scientists, whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own drunken experience.

I will dispense this advice now:

Enjoy the power and beauty of your alcohol tolerance. Oh, never mind. You will not understand the power and beauty of your alcohol tolerance until it's faded.

But trust me, in 20 years, you'll look back at photos of yourself retching in a gutter and recall in a way you can't grasp now how much alcohol you drank and how fabulous it really was.

You are not as sick as you imagine. Don't worry about where the next beer is coming from. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to score with a page three model after 15 pints of Stella.

The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your drink-addled mind, like the unexpected lack of ale in the fridge on some idle Tuesday.

Drink one thing every day that scares you.

Sing badly.

Be reckless when buying other people drinks. Don't put up with people who are reckless when buying yours.

Gargle.

Don't waste your time on shandy. Sometimes you're ahead, sometimes you're behind. The race is long and, in the end, it's only to the bar.

Make up compliments you received. Return the insults. If you don't succeed in doing this drink more beer now.

Keep your old ring pulls. Throwaway your old cans.

Retch.

Don't feel guilty if you don't know when you might dry-out in life. The most interesting people I know didn't know at 22 when they would sober up. Some of the most interesting 40-year-olds I know still haven't.

Get plenty of kebabs.

Don't be too kind to your liver. You'll hardly miss it when it's gone.

Maybe you'll score, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll enter rehab at 40, maybe you'll dance the nude conga at your 75th Fraternity Reunion.

Whatever you do, congratulate yourself far too much and berate others.

Your choices are half alcohol influenced. So are everybody else's.

Dance, even if you have nowhere to do it but on the street with a can of Special Brew.

Ignore the directions, don't ever follow them.

Do not read beauty magazines, just cut out the pictures and put them on your wall.

Get to know your parents. You never know when you'll have to tap them for some cash.

Be nice to your barman. They're your best link to the bar and the person most likely to stop you getting your head kicked by a bouncer when paralytic in the future.

Understand that favorite drinks come and go, but with a precious flammable few you should hold on.

Work hard to bridge the gaps in strength and consistency, because the older you get, the harder it will be to neck ales like when you were young.

Live in London once, but leave before it makes you a ponce.

Live in Liverpool once, but leave before everything you own is stolen.

Accept certain inalienable truths: Beer prices will rise. Bouncers will throw you out. You, too, will get a hangover. And when you do, you'll fantasize that when you were young, prices were reasonable, bouncers couldn't catch you, and hangovers were NEVER as bad as this.

Respect alcoholics.

Don't expect anyone else to buy you a beer.

Be careful whose cheap booze you buy, but be patient with those who supply it. Cheap booze is a form of rip-off. Dispensing it is a way of fishing old stock from the disposal, wiping it off, painting over the sell-by date and re-selling it for more than it is worth.

But trust me on the alcohol.

Letter to the Editor:

To the editor:

Spirit is a rare and precious gift in this oh so apathetic decade. Therefore, I was truly delighted to see students having things like Pigtail Wednesday. I know that strong spirit is hard to come by and these had to be truly enthusiastic people to want everyone to rally together in support of Governor's School East. However, this week, that enthusiasm seemed to go too far. The creators of Wifebeater Wednesday should have practiced more sensitivity and responsibility along with their school pride, for the idea is quite offensive. All stereotypes breed from some form of the truth. So, at some point those shirts, which are in effect white undershirts used to show off muscles, must have been associated with the act of beating one's wife. I realize the originators of Wifebeater Wednesday did not also originate the names for these shirts. Nevertheless, there was still no need to honor wifebeaters with their own day of rec-

ognition. Although, I understand the concept of these spirit days, I truly believe that something less disturbing than an article of clothing that conjures up images of domestic violence could have been celebrated.

-Emily Glover

Opinions expressed in Letters to the Editor do not necessarily reflect the views of *The Bridge*, its staff, or GSE.

**If you have comments or concerns you would like to voice in *The Bridge*, feel free to put them in the box located in the Belk lobby.



**"IF YOU
TOUCH IT,
YOU DIE!!!"**

In the Hills of West Virginia

Oh silent stalker of innocent souls
Withered flesh your delight
Crunching brown leaves underfoot
Fallen so many months ago
Amongst the brilliance of nature's aging
Dancing around your victim
Taunting and pounding
In utter silence
I have seen you, this I know for sure
In clear blue eyes set deep in
Soft, peach skin
And you came again,
Your victim carefully selected:
The eternal
The existing myth of sin and tragedy
And neglect, but through that
Misdirected love
With distance leaving much to the imagination
Your arrival was expected
Though we knew no the time nor the place
Your irony is quite obvious, my wicked spinstress

Do you use a pure love
To sharpen your shears?
Spin, then.
Spin your wheel
Feed and spin and cut until your fingers bleed.
Stalk the helpless.
I wait for use still,
And I will stand
Before you
Hunt me; spare those without defense
Crave me; let me show you that
I
Will not be shorn from the origin
Nor from thread running through
Your sisters' hands
Whisper my name on dark stormy nights,
When I am alone and frightened
Attack me and I will show you
What courage is.

~ by Susan Navarro, English



The child without a voice-
Silenced by society-
A society of monsters who have forgotten what it's like to be
a child:
Innocent, curious, enthusiastic, inquisitive, hopeful for the
future...
Holding the future in their hands
While the monsters speak of the past-
A past they talk of yet often choose to forget.

~ by Naomi Reagan, Natural Science

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break with Miss Linda earlier this week and we shared a bit of conversation. We discussed violence in public schools, fundamentals of Chemistry, and how she's going to miss all the GSE kids when they go. She also added that she loves to hear messages that previous students send to her through new students. "I get real attached to the young'uns every year", she said. "While they are here, though, I like to make sure they're OK." All of the other ladies I conversed with shared Miss Linda's sentiment that "we sure will miss y'all when you go. Certainly will."



Guerrilla Art



While Ryan supports the frame, Lauren fixes Kristen up to imitate a famous painting. Although Kristen will not be hanging around for the next few days, we still have the string that their fellow students decorated with. You never know what they're gonna do next.

Can you tell
which picture
they're imitating?!

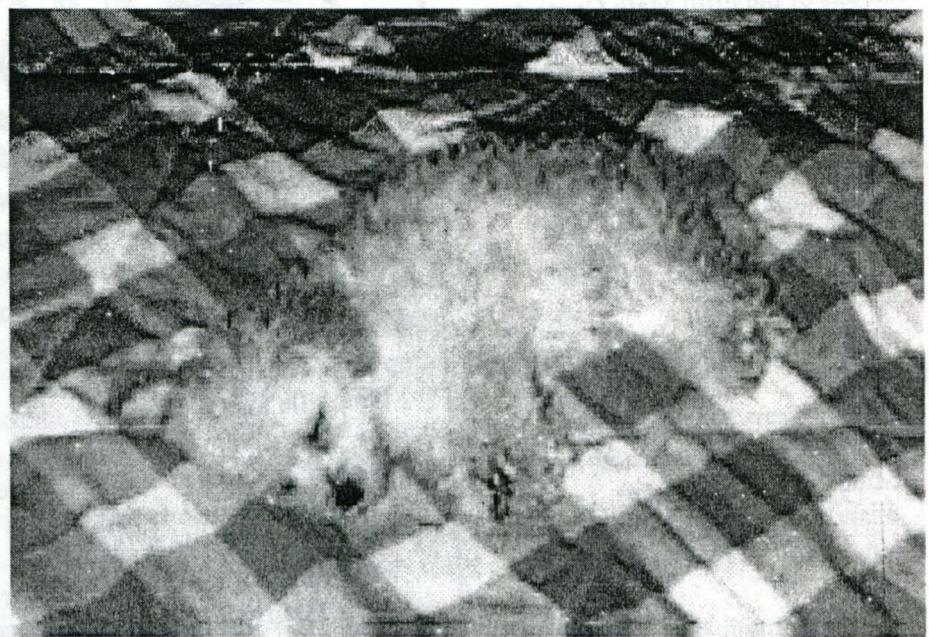
Groovin' in Granville

Kate Barnhill

So, be honest, how long was it before you even realized that there is a Granville Dorm? (Girls who live there don't count.) The first week, I actually heard someone say, "I went to Granville for a quiet conversation." I'd like to assume everyone knows where we are by now, although recently I heard someone say, "I don't think I've ever been in the Granville Lobby."

So what, if we are the only lobby without a video game, or pool table (or anything else other than a TV for that matter)? This just means people have to use their creative imaginations in Granville. So far, people have rehearsed skits, watched movies, dyed hair and even thrown a few birthday parties there.

Granville has other special qualities as well. For example it's the

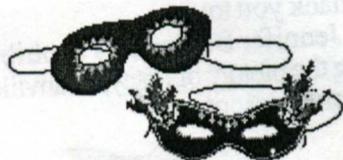


only dorm with a courtyard whose lobby doesn't smell like urine! (Unlike a certain boy's dorm.) Don't forget the popular Granville Beach either, goose

droppings and all.

It is important also to mention Suite 5's nighttime visitor, whom I will

continued on page 8



Masquerade!



Math Contest Results

Results of the Fifth Math Contest

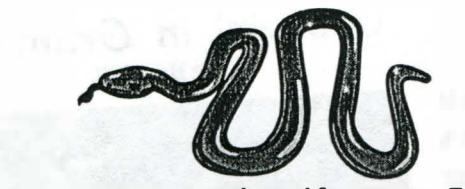
Eighteen mathematics and natural science students took the fifth math contest. The top scores follow.

Ken Chu (natural science)	6
Shane Farkas (math)	5
Michael Parsons (math)	5
Patrick Berry (math)	4
Cynthia Liu (math)	4

The cumulative leaders at this time follow.

Patrick Berry (math)	26
Ken Chu (natural science)	25
Michael Parsons (math)	21
Shane Farkas (math)	18
Jonny Waldes (math)	16

The final math contest for 1999 is scheduled for Tuesday afternoon after 3:00 in LA-102. Students from all areas are welcome. A close contest for first place will be decided between Patrick Berry, Ken Chu, and Michael Parsons. Fourteen contestants still have the potential to place in the top five for the summer.



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call Willie the Rat Snake. The three foot slithering Willie decided to grace us with his presence one night in the showers around midnight. Big thanks to security and Brain Lupei for saving us from Willie's reign of terror. We all hope Bike Cop's hand heals quickly!

Granville also has a secret mascot named "Petey" who comes for visits at night with Suite 5's counselor Amy Palo! (See picture) Thank God he wasn't there the night of the snake incident!

Want to know something else special about Granville? A tour guide was overheard informing prospective SAPC students, that during the school year Granville Dorm is reserved for those who want to live in an alcohol and drug free environment. Interesting, huh?

At any rate, if you go beneath the surface, Granville Dorm is just as good as all the other dorms, perhaps even better. Certainly though, we will all be left with it's great memory!

GSE Calendar Week 2

July 25 Sunday	9:00 am 6:15 pm	Chorus to Presbyterian Church Talent Show - Avinger
July 26 Monday	6:45 am 7:00 pm	Yoga - Small Gym All-Star Game - Gym
July 27 Tuesday	9:55 am 3:15 pm 3:15 pm 4:30 pm 7:00 pm	Assembly - "Challenging the Assumptions of Public Education - Avinger Math Contest - LA 102 Images of Women in the Media (Elective) - LA 116 French Class to La Terrace in Southern Pines Poetry Workshop (Elective) - Gathering Place
July 28 Wednesday	8:30 am 10 am-1:40 pm & 3:00-4:30 pm 7:30 pm	Math Speaker- Avinger Pick up your GSE T-shirts outside the GSE Office This must be done today! Any extras will be available later. Choir Concert - Presbyterian Church
July 29 Thursday	9:55 am 11:15 am-1:40 pm & 3:00-4:30 pm 3:15 pm 6:00 pm 7:30 pm	Assembly - Avinger Pick up your Yearbook outside the GSE Office Please do this today! Extras will be sold later. Director's Discourse Poetry Reading - Gathering Place Band Concert- Large Gym
July 30 Friday	3:15 pm 7:30 pm 9 pm - 1 am	Dance presentation of "Omelas" - Small Gym Choir Concert - Presbyterian Church Formal Dance - Belk Patio
July 31 Saturday	8:30 am 9:50 am	Natural Science - Avinger Closing Assembly/Good-Byes- Large Gym

And that's all for GSE '99

...never before, never again...

Bulletin Board

Reminder: If you haven't already done so, please post your E-mail address on one of the lists found in each dorm's lobby, the Belk Center, and the computer lab.

The Newspaper staff meeting will be held at 4:00, Monday, in Orange Lobby. ALL staff must be present.

The Webpage staff will meet at 4:45, Monday, in the large computer lab.

Everyone must pick up their T-shirts on Wednesday and Yearbooks on Thursday outside of the GSE office. See calendar for times.

If you have ideas for newspaper articles or would like to submit something, please leave it in the box provided in the Belk lobby.

Thank you to:

Jennifer Baldock for contributing the picture of Petey, Granville's secret mascot.



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